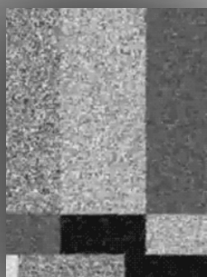




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It Was Just Now



👁 102 ✓ 4 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

A knock at the door brought me back to life.

A worried voice came from the other side of the entryway.

"The walls in this apartment building are really thin and I keep hearing you having mental breakdowns all the time... are you okay?"

Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



Shivering as I brought myself up off the floor, I tugged a dusty blanket over my shoulders before walking up towards the door.

"I-I'm fine...I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you...I'll try to keep it down from here on out." I sighed helplessly.

I could hear the stranger hesitating on what he should say next. My hand was suspended inches above the doorknob, considering if it would be advisable to let the him in.

Finally giving in, I opened the door enough to see who the stranger was. I was weary in terms of whether I could trust him or not.

He had to be a little bit over six feet tall- which gave him a whole five inches above me.

Stubble from a long day of work darkened his face and his exhausted eyes glanced at me. It was almost one in the morning.

We almost mirrored each other, but his dark hair was a stark contrast to my somewhat blonde hair was bursting out of what once was a ponytail. He barely collect enough stamina to look him over.

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I had done little to shield my red and puffy face from him- and what must have been some expression of concern passed over him because he then asked if he could come inside.

Chapter 3 by Phantim



"Sure," I said without thinking. As he stepped in I wondered if this was really okay. I'd never met him before, and well, you know what mothers warn their daughters about. The walls were pretty thin if I needed to scream for help, and hell I've been pondering suicide so much lately maybe getting murdered would take a little bit off my plate. Still, I wish I had cleaned up a bit.

"Have a seat," I say. "I just need to put on a shirt and some shorts." /Maybe a bra too/, I think.

He looks to my outfit, which as far as he can tell, is just a white bedsheet. He nods his head and plops down on my small loveseat. The way his body settles just adds more evidence to my exhausted theory. I go into my room and grab what I need, my /Across the Universe/ t-shirt, some jean shorts, and eh... my sexiest lingerie bra. You can never be too prepared. In that case... maybe my garter socks too.

I come out of the room a minute later to see him staring around my apartment. He seems bored, probably contemplating whether knocking at my door and coming in was a good idea. But his mind seems to change when he see's me again.

"Sorry if I took too long, and uh... sorry if I woke you up or something."

"Hah," he chuckles. "I wish I was asleep. Not been getting too much of that lately..."

"Oh, me either. I take some stuff for it... but I'm also a coffee addict. Care for a cup?"

Chapter 4 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



"Oh, sure. Do you have dark roast?" He replied as if I had said the magic word.

"We have dark roast, but it's hazelnut."

"My favorite."

We sat across the living room from each other. An awkward silence pervaded as we drank our coffee. I liked mine black, and he... "See more of Story Wars"

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"Oh?"

"Yeah, I'm always getting called up for something I didn't do, and, after proving I wasn't online when those changes were made, my boss calls up someone else. I think he's just a misogynist, otherwise, he'd skip calling me up."

"Oh. I thought that belief died out."

"You haven't seen our president."

"Ah! I see. You've come to hate authority, and because authority fills everyday life, you've gone to hating it more, leading in this spiral down to where you are now."

"Just about."

"Is there any way I can help?"

"Yes." I decided to play a game of trust. I walked over and curled up to him. "Just be there to calm me down if I do it again."

He was surprisingly okay with it.

"Aight."

I woke up in my bed. The man was seated at the edge, clothed as he was last night. I stood up. I hadn't been felt up. I hadn't been seduced. He's too noble for his own good.

"Good morning."

His head whipped around, as if it were a surprise that I was awake.

"Good morning. I brought some eggs over and I wanted to get started cooking them, but I didn't know what you'd think if you thought I left without a word."

"Even more proof of what I thought just now. You're too noble."

"Is there such a thing? I'd like to be trusted, you know."

"Agreed."

We had breakfast together, discussed plans in case I did end up melting down again. He'd hunt me another job while I kept this one, so that I wouldn't have to keep dealing with a boss who didn't want to keep dealing with me. We went about our Saturdays until seven in the afternoon, when he knocked on my door.

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